THE

INDEPENDENT.

A NOVEL.

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Nec clarior ille, cujus alibi, et potiores
Per Veneres, et cœtus, et plumas Saudanapali.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed for T. CADELL, LONGMAN,
And C. ELLIOT, Edinburgh.
MDCC.LXXIV.

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Neſciat iraſci, cupiat nihil; et potiores
Herculis ærumnas credat, ſævoſque labores,
Et Venere, et cœnis, et plumis Sardanapali.

JUVENAL.

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M,DCC,LXXXIV

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THE

INDEPENDENT.

CHAP. XX.

——Oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

LORD FANFARE was not the only huſband whom the demon of of Jealouſy had "poſſeſſed with yel-

lowneſs" at the famous maſquerade. Sir James Violet, though he ſhowed it leſs, yet felt it infinitely more. The critical ſituation in which his wife had been caught with the Pope, and her whiſpering her brother to clear the room, were circumſtances that ſtung deeply: and the more ſo, when he recollected the extreme eagerneſs ſhe had ſhown for attending the exhibition.——This ſet him to reflect, that poſſibly his wife might be tired of his recluſe way of life; that poſſibly her honour might have been the dupe of her humour, which he knew to be gay and volatile in extreme; that poſſibly he had been wrong in ſuppoſing ſhe could

could love a man like him, of a temper ſo different; that poſſibly the opinion he had of her ſenſibility and virtue (which was great) might be falſe; and that poſſibly—for a jealous man is never at a loſs for poſſibilities—this Lord Fanfare might have been an old acquaintance;—and that way diſtraction lay.

For ſeveral days this malignant fever of the mind preyed on him in ſecret: yet had he neither the hardineſs to tell his wife that he ſuſpected her, nor the meanneſs to watch her conduct for freſh cauſes of ſuſpicion. Languid and dejected, he wandered

about, ſeeking occaſions of venting his grief in ſecret; while Matilda ſtill preſerved her uſual gaiety—an infallible mark either of innocence or of moſt exquiſite cunning.

One morning as ſhe came haſtily from her dreſſing-room, he ſaw her drop a letter. He picked it up, and in torture read theſe words.

My divine angel,

The raptures which your laſt dear delicious *billet* gave me, no words can deſcribe. O charming maſquerade! which delivered me from a wife, whom I hate as the devil,—and gave

me

me a miſtreſs, whom I love more than the univerſe. Kind generous creature! with what impatience do I expect the accompliſhment of the ecſtatic hope you have given me! Violet is a fool—fear him not. Name the time and place of paradiſe—we are ſecure. ——You ſay very right—your brother's inſolence is not to be borne. But he is now in my power—he ſhall never more reproach us in the ſturdineſs of his virtue. Thine eternally,

FANFARE.

Sir James walked into the drawing-room, where his lady was, and threw himſelf on the ſettee. Matilda, ſaid

he, have I ever given you cauſe to hate me?

Never.—

Have I ever denied you a requeſt?

Never.—

Have you ever doubted my love?

Never.—What means this grave catechiſing?

Cruel, ungrateful, abandoned woman!—See this infamous letter.——Heavens!—to diſhonour a huſband who lives on your ſmiles—and even exult in the misfortunes of a brother!—Who could believe, that a form ſo angelic contained a heart ſo corrupted, ſo hardened, ſo baſe?—or that ſo fair a boſom, on which my head muſt repoſe

repoſe no more, were the ſeat of vile pollution?——O Matilda! you have torn my heart. I wiſh I had never ſeen you!—I wiſh I were in my grave!

Here is a woful ſermon, ſaid the lady, quite unabaſhed.——Come, I'll play the clerk,—I'll fit you with a pſalm, Sir.

Here muſt I lie, here muſt I die,
By Treachery's falſe wiles:
Ah witleſs I, that e'er gave faith
To wicked woman's ſmiles!

Fy, Sir James, you don't join!—'tis to the tune of *Barbara Allen*.—— But who could have thought you

would have rifled and read my letters thus unmannerly? Diſcourteous knight!—Now tell me, whether you ſuſpected this affair before you found Lord Fanfare's epiſtle?

Sir James. Had I not reaſon, Madam?—Aſk your heart—Your behaviour at that curſed maſquerade has ſince given me ſuch tortures as—

Matilda. I'm really ſorry for that. I hoped to have concealed the thing from you, till it had been brought to a proper length.

Sir James. Can you own it to my face? (ſtarting up, and handling his ſword.) But why ſhould modeſty outlive honour?——Heav'ns! how I am tempted

tempted—her blood—And yet ſhe looks as beautiful as when I thought her innocent.

Matilda. Sir James, the paſſion that now ſhakes and racks your frame, is but a juſt puniſhment for your want of confidence in me. I could now make you for ever miſerable. Your ſword is drawn;—plunge it in this breaſt, where a thought diſloyal to thee never entered;—and in a few hours you will learn, that what you take for proofs of my infidelity, are proofs of my love. "Dar'ſt thou perſiſt to think I am diſhoneſt?" But, my dear Alonzo—I am no heroine. Attend—one word ſhall cure you.

Your

Your diſeaſe, I find, took its riſe from Mrs Quickly's coquetry;—that loquacious gentlewoman, you muſt know, was no other than my brother.

Sir James. Your brother!—And where was you, Madam?

Matilda. I myſelf, Sir, ſuſtained the heroic character of captain Piſtol; and I hope you will own I did juſtice to my part.

Sir James. What was the cauſe of thoſe deceptions, Matilda?

Matilda. The ſame perſon who brought us our tickets, brought me this letter; from whom, he would not tell:

Madam,

Madam,

Having the pleaſure to hear that you are happily united to a man of worth, honour, and virtue,—my humanity intereſts me in the deſign of ſaving you and him from incurable diſgrace, debaſement, and deſtruction. From infallible authority I am aſſured, that Lord Fanfare hath a plot on your virtue; and that the maſquerade is only a trap to draw you within his power. Uſe your beſt prudence, caution, and diſcretion, to ſave yourſelf, and oblige yours, &c.

A. B.

I made light of this,—yet ſhowed

it

it to my brother; who alſo diſregarded it. But having ſome deſign of his own to purſue, he laid hold of this circumſtance to adviſe me to an exchange of dreſſes. During the entertainment, he had an intereſting converſation with Lady Louiſa; by which he diſcovered, that Lady Fanfare meant him ſome very particular kindneſs. From this he took the idea of doubling his plot; and, by his direction, I encouraged the peereſs;—who indeed behaved ſhockingly.—— When we retired to undreſs, I communicated to him my ſuſpicions that his behaviour had offended you. I hope ſo, ſaid he. I wiſh nothing more

than

than a fit of groundleſs jealouſy to your huſband. He is a worthy fellow; and, but for a ſilly reſervedneſs, and affected ſenſibility that hangs about him, I don't know a better. Let us root out thoſe weeds from his character. Let him brood a while over his horrid wrongs, as he will do, and learn the advantage of openneſs. We, at the ſame time, ſhall notably puniſh this deſpicable fribble, Lord Fanfare. Let him bring his action of *crim. con.* againſt me, and carry on his honourable deſigns on you;—it ſhall go hard if ſome critical moment don't appear in the chapter of chances for a *denouement* that ſhall make him

him be laughed to death.——I had the hard heart to reliſh this plot.—Can you forgive me?

CHAP.

CHAP. XXI.

A MAN OF FEELING.

FOR ſome minutes he anſwered her only by kiſſes and careſſes. Then as ſoon as he got the power of utterance—Dear, dear Matilda! cried he, my ſuperior every way! from this hour no thought of my heart will I hide from thee. Never more ſhall you ridicule me for moping and muſing in ſullen ſolitude. I will keep no ſecret hoard of cogitations.—— Thoſe curſed ſentimental novels,

which my mother made me read to her by hundreds, ſtuffed my mind with a ſet of prejudices, worſe than any I had received in the nurſery. They perſuaded me, that the higheſt human happineſs conſiſted in a certain ridiculous romantic enthuſiaſm, called by them *feeling*; by which a man is made to doze and dream of things more than mortal, in the moſt common circumſtances. This I once thought the very fountain of benevolence and delight:—I now believe it unneceſſary to either. I thought alſo, that all the joys of Mirth were the brood of Folly; and that the only delicious ſenſations proceeded from

mournful ſcenes, from ſudden emotions of tenderneſs, and from heroic, or rather extravagant deeds. I grew a very Quixote. I have wandered whole days on the high road, in ſearch of beggars, gipſies, and wandering damſels; from whom, in return for my charity, inſtead of fine, connected, pathetic, intereſting ſtories, I frequently received much abuſe and ribaldry. Nor was I happier in the practice of heroiſm—You remember one night at your brother's, the houſe was vilely filled with ſmoke, by ſome miſchievous body having covered up the top of the kitchen-chimney: it was I did that bleſſed deed. I hoped to have

ſnatched you in my bold arms thro' the terrible ſcene, and received delicious thanks from you for your life. But that exertion of bravery, and the fine feelings which it would have produced, you wickedly prevented, by getting out at your chamber-window. I once bribed the ferry-man at Frog-pool to overſet the boat while he was croſſing us over, that I might have the romantic delight of ſwimming with you to the ſhore. But he, not being a man of feeling, pocketed the money; landed us ſafe; and when I went to chide him for his neglect, had the impudence to accuſe me of a deſign on Miſs Woodville's life.——I

have

have by degrees perceived the folly of thoſe things ſince my happy connection with you and your brother. I ſee you both "humorous as Winter," and ridiculing thoſe fancied refinements; yet exerting every amiable affection in the beſt manner, and enjoying life with the higheſt reliſh.—Pray, my deareſt Matilda, do you really underſtand any thing of thoſe abſtracted matters? Have you read any of our moſt celebrated novels?

I have read, replied Matilda, with infinite delight, the works of Fielding and Smollet. Some others I have attempted, but ſeldom been able to

maſter; for truly I don't love metaphyſics;—I hate unneceſſary ſniveling,—and I deſpiſe the writer who cannot excite a tender emotion, without violating nature and probability. But I am really confounded at the wickedneſs of your paſt life, Sir James. Let me exhort you to repent and amend: for it is my opinion, that extravagant ſenſibility can enervate and render uſeleſs all the powers of the mind; while good honeſt hearty merriment will never harden or blunt one feeling that Nature has placed in the heart.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

THE INDEPENDENT IN DISTRESS.

AFTER this converſation, they walked out conjugally, arm in arm, to enjoy the balmy breath of the morning; and by and by perceived Roger Darnel running towards them. He threw himſelf on the ground, as if quite ſpent with fatigue, while the tears ran down his cheeks.

——What is the matter, Roger? faid Lady Violet.

Ah, Madam! cried he ſobbing—my maſter—my dear maſter!

What has befallen your maſter? faid the knight haſtily.

Ah, quoth Roger, he is ruined, an't pleaſe your worſhip—by the plots of that damned lawyer Whittington. Farmer Rye, the man that bought all our corn of laſt year, was in debt to the devil's ſon Whittington; and he has laid poor farmer Rye in priſon, and got him *bankrupted*; ſo that Mr. Wood-

Woodville wont get a penny:—and I know he has no money; for he lent a guinea laſt week to poor Gaffer Trot, to help to buy a cow; and ſaid he had then no more, but expected to get a good deal ſoon, when he would lend Gaffer Trot another. And this was what he expected, pleaſe your worſhip.——Oh that it would pleaſe the Lord to baniſh all the lawyers to America—and there let them eat their own pens, and drink their own ink!——Sir, I have been this morning at good Mr Marrowfat's,—and he ſaid (God bleſs him) my maſter might command his little purſe to the laſt mite;—and went

himself to tell Mr Woodville so.—Then, an' please your worship, I ran to Fanfare-house, to tell Lady Louisa, who is a good-hearted lady, I believe; but she was not out of bed, Lord help us!—And then I ran here, —and now I would run to Joppa or Jericho, to do my dear master a good turn.

I do believe thou would'st, honest Roger, said Lady Violet; and here is a crown for yourself.——As for your master, you fool, why are you uneasy for him? Can he be pinched for a paltry sum, when Sir James and I are so near him? Go to the buttery,

buttery, man,—make the butler give thee a morning's draught, and get home again to your work.

Well, quoth Roger, God bless your noble ladyship! But, notwithstanding, I am *afeard* for my master; for those lawyers are Belzebub's own scholars, I think.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIII.

UNEXPECTED DELIVERANCE.

ROGER returning homeward, as he paſſed by Lord Fanfare's garden ſaw Lady Louiſa leaning over the wall. She called to him; he advanced, and made his bows. Roger, ſaid ſhe, I heard you was inquiring for me,—and I have ſince learned what I ſuppoſe was the cauſe. Take this purſe, and give it to your maſter. But be ſure to tell him you found it in

in the fields; for otherwiſe he won't take it.

Roger, overjoyed, ran to the farm with his purſe, which by the weight promiſed to be valuable; to his great indignation he found Mr Whittington there, endeavouring to perſuade Woodville, in his neceſſity, to give up his farm to Lord Fanfare. Woodville, undaunted by his misfortune, was treating the pettifogger in his uſual cavalier ſtyle; and telling him, that though his merchant had failed, yet his fields were not bankrupt, nor had yet denied him meat, cloaths, and fire; that though he had loſt his laſt

crop, another would soon come; and that he was not yet weary of his dear farm.

No, Sir, cried Roger, why should you forsake your farm, to put your trust in lawyers? The Lord help us then! I say it is an honest farm. See, Sir, as I was digging with my spade, beneath a sort of an old tree, what a special purse I have found. You buried it there yourself, I do suppose, against a rainy day; which was better than giving it to the lawyers to keep.

Why, you impudent rogue, cried

Whittington, what have you got to ſay of lawyers?

Rogue in your teeth, quoth Roger: and though I were a rogue, yet, take notice, I am no lawyer—no, you cannot tell me that.—Do, Sir, ſhake this purſe at his noſe, and bid him wag. Oh how I love to ſee a lawyer grin!

Woodville gratified his faithful ſervant, by opening the purſe, taking out a handful of guineas, and throwing them oſtentatiouſly along the table. As he did this, a meſſenger entered with the agreeable news that

farmer Rye was ſet at liberty, a ſtragne lawyer, whom nobody knew, having become bail for him, and even furniſhed him with money to diſcharge his moſt preſſing debts.—Are you ſure it was a lawyer? quoth Roger in aſtoniſhment.——We muſt ſee more of this, quoth Whittington—and away he waddled, much grieved in ſpirit, to ſee a ſcheme, which he thought infallible, daſhed to nothing. He had induſtriouſly bought up all Rye's debts at any price; and burſt with them all, like a thunder-clap, on the poor man at once.

Who the generous unknown was who

who relieved him, we need not puzzle ourselves to discover. It is sufficient that the kind deed was done which delivered Woodville from his cares.

CHAP. XXIV.

LOVE-LETTERS.

WOODVILLE understanding from Roger, who was but a sorry secretary, the fair hand to whom he owed the purse of guineas, he immediately sent him back with them, and a letter. Then mounting his horse, set off for Valombrosa; assuredly believing, that to the knight of that place he was obliged for the deliverance of Farmer Rye; but ere he had proceeded a hundred yards, he

was met by Sir Patrick Puff and his train; who forcibly brought him back, and privately delivered him this letter.

Dear Woodville,

What is the matter? You seem to be fallen asleep. I have existed four whole days here, as innocently and stupidly as a frozen old nun. I expected a closer pursuit from the lively youth whose arms encircled me on Thursday night. My heart yet vibrates at the remembrance of that dear dangerous moment. But what did all your ardour expire in one silly salute? Impossible! What

then do you fear?—We ſhall triumph over Lord Fanfare, and make him completely deſpicable. At any rate, I have a fortune which enables us to laugh at him and the whole world.—Think of that, dear Charles.—Make what uſe you pleaſe of the booby who brings you this. He has neither ſenſe nor honour, yet will carry a meſſage as faithfully as the moſt virtuous philoſopher in Chriſtendom. My apartment communicates with his garden; the wall of which is none of the higheſt. There is at the weſt ſide a lime-tree walk, which is now the ſcene of evening contemplation to

FRANCES FANFARE.

Sir

Sir Patrick, quoth Woodville, I'll anſwer this letter inſtantly. Then ſtepping into his cloſet, he wrote theſe words:

Madam,

There are ſome things in your admirable *billet* which pleaſe me, others not; ſome which I make nothing of, and others that ſurpriſe me exceedingly. I wonder not at your ſpending four days ſtupidly;—I would fain hear you name the day that you ſpent otherwiſe: but that they have been alſo ſpent innocently, I have ſome difficulty to believe. Perhaps my idea of innocence is too rigid.——I agree

with you in propheſying that your lord will be laughed at; but the truth of the prophecy depends on this condition, that you and I embrace no more; for which reaſon, I ſhall be extremely cautious of interrupting your contemplations in Sir Patrick's garden.——Look on what paſſed at the maſquerade as a fooliſh dream, —and let it vibrate no longer in your remembrance. For truly, Madam, it would vex me vilely to be ruined in the cauſe of cuckoldom;—to have my dear acres ſeized upon by the inſatiable fangs of the law;—to exchange my glorious freedom for abject dependence;—and to put my truſt,

truſt, for future ſupport, in an honourable and conſtant miſtreſs, who muſt, ere then, have convinced me that ſhe had neither honour nor conſtancy.——No—I think I am not mad.——Your ladyſhip breathes the ſpirit of Cleopatra—all for love, and the world well loſt—but I am no Anthony. I am only a plain Britiſh man, whoſe maſter-paſſion is the love of freedom; a paſſion at any time ſtrong enough to overcome the love of my neighbour's wife.——You will perceive, Madam, that I imitate, in this anſwer, the noble diſregard to ceremonious punctilio which characteriſes your letter to me. We both have a

right to liberty of ſtyle. You are authoriſed by your rank and the faſhion; I, by my honeſty and independence.

I have the honour to be

Your Ladyſhip's moſt humble ſervant,

CHARLES WOODVILLE.

With this epiſtle the knight departed well pleaſed. Woodville accompanied him about half a mile, till they came to a croſs road, where he ſtruck off, and went by a ſhorter way to Valombroſa. There he found, that neither his ſiſter nor Sir James knew any thing of farmer Rye's liberation. He dined with that now

happy

happy couple; and in the evening returned home in peace.

A harder fate attended poor Sir Patrick Puff; he being attacked on the road, not far from his own avenue, by a desperate highwayman, who drew him from his horse, rifled his pockets, and took thence the letter to Lady Fanfare, a book of riddles and sonnets, a piece of gingerbread, and other things of no use but to the right owner.

CHAP. XXV.

MORE LOVE-LETTERS.

ROGER DARNEL watched all that day for an opportunity to deliver his charge to Lady Louisa; but she appeared not again in the garden. Next day after breakfast, he with joy observed her leaning over the garden-wall at the old place; and running up, put the money and letter in her hands.——The letter was in these words:

Dear

Dear Madam,

I begin to ſuſpect that my ſyſtem of independence is abſurd; for, in ſpite of all my care, I cannot avoid obligations. You have this day loaded me with one which I never can get free of.—I muſt remain your Ladyſhip's bondman for ever. By intereſting your generous heart in my affairs, you have ſhown me, that the gifts of Fortune are not infallibly poiſonous; for my Louiſa yet lives noble, condeſcending, and kind, as when her beauties firſt raviſhed my ſoul. *My Louiſa*—Heavens! what have I ſaid?—Can a man ſo poor as I—O that I had a crown to beſtow!

—No

—No—I hate crowns, and coronets too—and I am not poor; in proof of which, I ſend you back your hundred guineas. Why ſhould I borrow money in the midſt of plenty? My rich fields wave to the ſweeping breeze, my orchard bluſhes to the ripening ſun, and my cryſtal ſtream ſtill runs pure. However, God bleſs your noble Ladyſhip for your kindneſs to

CHARLES WOODVILLE.

Lady Louiſa read this curious epiſtle with a variety of emotions; among which, however, the pleaſing were predominant.——Then examining

ning her money.—How happens it, Hodge, ſaid ſhe, that Mr Woodville has not returned my purſe?

An' pleaſe your honour's ladyſhip, replied Roger, I *axed* him the ſame thing. And a ſaid, Poo, you fool, I have loſt it.——But juſt now, as I was a-coming along, I *ſeed* him ſitting in the honeyſuckle-den (for I peeped through the hedge), and he was a-tying your purſe to a pretty ribbon,—then puts it round his neck thus—and ſticks it in his boſom—for all the world like Sir Patrick Puff's black cravat. But my maſter is no more

like

like Sir Patrick in other reſpects, than a hog is like a horſe. My maſter is a perſonable man, as your Ladyſhip knows;—and Sir Patrick is but a poor, ſilly, whimpering, wheezing, hopping kind of a body, that cannot ſo much as keep his ſaddle, as your Ladyſhip alſo knows, in our dung-hill.

Roger's tongue being now fairly ſet a-going, and that too on a favourite topic (his maſter's praiſe), his diſcourſe might have grown to an alarming length, had not his fair auditreſs been ſuddenly called away by

a

a message from Colonel Whynyard, who waited for her in the parlour, whither we shall attend her.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

A SCENE OF COURTSHIP.

IT may ſeem ſtrange, conſidering the lively paſſion which Colonel Whynyard profeſſed for Lady Louiſa, that he had never yet ventured to break it to her, not even at the maſquerade. Lord Fanfare had ſhown much more ſpirit, having frequently, in private, enforced his friend's ſuit with many arguments, delivered in the ſtyle of authority: and it was even now by his perſuaſions, ſeemingly,

ingly, that the Colonel reſolved to put his matter to the puſh.

Lady Louiſa entered the parlour, neither trembling nor looking fooliſh, but tripping light as air, and humming *Non dubitare*. She ſeated herſelf on the very next chair to that which ſupported her gallant lover.

The Colonel, in apparent confuſion, after edging his chair near her, and hemming divers times, amorouſly ſeized her fair hand, and ſaid,

I hope, dear Madam, your brother has appriſed you of my intentions,

tions, and fitted, prepared, and diſpoſed you to receive them kindly.

Not at all, ſaid Lady Louiſa.

What—quoth the Colonel—did he not tell you of my love—and ſpeak of the advantageous——

—O that he did—interrupted Lady Louiſa—he ſpoke largely and wiſely—but to no effect. I have no right, Sir, to be wooed by proxy; that belongs to queens and princeſſes: therefore, Colonel, I would be glad to hear what you can ſay for yourſelf.

You are not ſuch a youth as to be troubled with bathfulneſs, I hope.

This ſeemed to ſtrike him all of a heap. He took ſnuff—hemm'd—it would not do—took another pinch, and then got out—My deareſt Madam, I'll ſettle two thouſand a-year on you.

Lady Louiſa. I am not to be bought. Can you ſay nothing better?

Colonel Whynyard. Have I any rival?

Lady Louiſa. You a rival!—no.

Colonel Whynyard. Then I think—hem—I am humbly of opinion, that you neglect your intereſt.——Your time, Madam, your company, your pleaſures, my fortune, ſhall be wholly, entirely, and abſolutely at your own diſpoſal—in your own power——hem—hem—

Lady Louiſa. (*Aſide*) What an old fool.——(*Aloud*) Colonel, I thank you. And as I ſee you ſpeak with difficulty on this ſubject, I beg you will ſtrain yourſelf no more about it.

Colonel Whynyard. You then reject my

my offer?——Pray, Madam, what reaſon do you give?

Lady Louiſa. None. Every body muſt have their frolic. This, my dear Colonel, is mine.

She tripped away, ending her air —*Stare al lato del mio paſtor.*

CHAP. XXVII.

CONTAINING SOMETHING THAT WILL SURPRISE THE READER.

COLONEL WHYNYARD walked out to the garden, ruminating on this melancholy converſation. On the terrace he met Lord Fanfare hopping, capering, and dancing to his own ſhadow in the ſun.——Joy, Joy! cried his Lordſhip——Charming—loveliеſt of women!—Enchanting Matilda!——Oh I ſhall go mad!

If you are not mad already, quoth the Colonel, let us hear ſoberly the cauſe of all this rapture.

Soberly! cried Lord Fanfare, impoſſible!——Read theſe dear, delicious, raviſhing lines——(*Kiſſing a paper, and giving it to the Colonel.*)

The Colonel, with unſpeakable aſtoniſhment, read theſe words:

My dear Soul,

This happy night, Sir James is from home.——You muſt by no means come near this houſe. His ſervants are all too much in his intereſt. But

I know a way to get out:—and at midnight you may find me at the old caſtle, by the river's ſide, a little above Morley-village. It is a fine romantic place; and being ſuppoſed a haunt of ſpectres, nobody ventures near it after ſunſet. Adieu.

——————Come, civil Night,
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
Spread thy cloſe curtain—and let Romeo
Leap to theſe arms untalk'd of and unſeen.

Adieu.

MATILDA VIOLET.

Faith, and upon my honour, quoth the Colonel, this is really ſtrange, won-

wonderful, and aſtoniſhing. Are we all gone aſtray? Is there no virtue extant?——But will you go to this ſame caſtle, my Lord?

Will I go!—cried Lord Fanfare—I'll fly—fly on the wings of love, old boy!——Have I not every poſſible motive to drive me on?—Love, opportunity,—revenge!——Ah! how that will exalt the keen delight!

Revenge on whom, my Lord? ſaid the Colonel. This lady's huſband, as I take it, never wronged you. He ſeems a good, harmleſs, peaceable, ſenſible ſort of man. And can you

think of wounding,—of ſtabbing,—of murdering for ever his peace?—Are you utterly abandoned, my Lord? Have you reſolved on perdition?—Have you ſold yourſelf to the devil?

Why, prithee, dear Colonel, ſaid Lord Fanfare, art thou turned Methodiſt?

No—replied the Colonel—no, my Lord, I am no Methodiſt; but I am a man, and hope and truſt I ſhall continue ſo. It belongs to a fiend to beguile innocence, to triumph over weakneſs, and to ſeek pleaſure at the expence of others miſery.

This

This laſt climax nettled his Lordſhip not a little; and he certainly would have reſented it, had he not reflected—that he owed the moralizing Colonel five thouſand pounds.

Yet, nothing moved from his ungenerous purpoſe, he retired to give the neceſſary orders to thoſe ſervants whom he choſe to attend him;—and throwing his eyes impatiently towards the weſt, wiſhed the ſun a thouſand miles beneath the ſea.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVIII.

A MIDNIGHT MEETING.

THE night was beautifully ſerene when Lord Fanfare ſlipped out of his chamber, and ſtepped into his barge, that waited for him at a privy door of the garden. Two truſty footmen managed the oars; fellows long accuſtomed to attend their lord in his parties of pleaſure. With ſilent ſtrokes they bore him down the ſleeping ſtream, here glancing in the bright moonſhine, and there dark with

with over-arching trees. They landed at the little village, about a quarter of a mile from the tower, where Lord Fanfare left them, with orders to moor the barge, and wait his return in a neighbouring ale-houſe.

With rapid feet he ſkipped along the dew,—his heart glowing with ſweet expectation,—and every pulſe beating quick alarms.—The fatal caſtle at length appeared; and, ſtruck with the majeſtic ruin, he could not help pauſing a moment—to behold the riven walls interſperſed with branches and ſhrubbery, the battlements crowned with fantaſtic ivy,—and a wide-ex-

panded elm bending from the top of the higheſt tower, all ſolemn and awful beneath the glimpſes of the moon.

At that inſtant, the gloomy circumſtance of its being haunted recurred to his imagination, and would have made ſad work with his courage, had he not ſoon diſcovered the fair apparition he looked for.——But lo, beneath the founding porch, Matilda ſtood, clad in a fairy robe of white,—her black hair floating down her ſhoulders, and her bright eyes ſparkling to the ſtars.——He flew to her arms.——Welcome, my dear, dear Lord! cried ſhe. My dear Lady Violet!

Violet! returned he—my charming angel! my goddess! &c. &c. &c.

From words he was about proceeding to deeds? but the lady tenderly checked his ardour; telling him, that the delights of love demanded security, and that in the back-part of the edifice there was a room not altogether desolate.——Then taking his hand, she led him on through the gloom, along the passage, and across the hall, the pavement at every step resounding to their feet, and something like an owl wailing among the vaulted roofs.——Suddenly a flash of lightning illumined the place, and a tre-

tremendous peal of thunder ſeemed to ſhake the whole dome. Lord Fanfare's heart died within him, and the lady's virtue was now in no danger. He claſped her in his arms again, not out of love, but fear. Diſtracted with horror, ſhe ſcreamed, fainted, and fell down on the floor.——The lightning came then ſo thick, that it ſeemed a continued blaze; and lo, there deſcended a moſt hideous devil, flapping his ugly wings, and ſprawling his horrid claws. The thunder rolled and thumped with redoubled fury, while the devil, claſping Lord Fanfare in his loathſome clutches, flew up with his prey through a hole in

the

the cieling, and perched ſafely on the ſuperior floor.

Lord Fanfare was too great a philoſopher to believe ſeriouſly in the exiſtence of ſpirits; yet when he felt himſelf carried aloft in the air, he actually thought it was Satan. The dreadful thought bereaved him for a time of his ſenſes, and he recovered them only to behold objects of greater horror. He now found himſelf in a large ſaloon, ſtuck round with blazing torches, having in the middle a table plentifully ſtored with bottles and glaſſes; about which ſat ſix or

ſeven

ſeven infernal figures, drinking with ſtrange mummery and grimaces.

The thunder then ceaſing, the maſter devil ſtood up, and aſked the demon who brought Lord Fanfare, What mortal wight this was he had taken in flying his midnight round? ——A ſon of corruption and filthineſs, quoth the demon, in a hollow tone. O for a refreſhing blaſt of brimſtone to my noſe!—The caitiff ſmells worſe than the pit of Acheron.

The wretched peer ſtood ſhivering and chattering—ſtriving to recollect

his ſcattered ſpirits, to aid him in making a defence or an eſcape;—both of which, however, ſeemed vain to be attempted. The enemy, whether men or devils, might laugh at reſiſtance; and as for flight, he could not trace back the windings of the dark paſſage through which Lady Violet had led him: beſides, he might fall through ſome trap-door into ſome well or dungeon. In ſhort, he knew not what to reſolve; and at that moment he would have foreſworn for ever all the ladies on earth, to have been ſafe again in his own chamber.

While he was thus pondering, a

door opened, and a tall female figure entered, maſked, wrapped in a long ſable mantle, a high-crowned hat on her head, and a long white rod in her hand. The devils all roſe at her approach. She ſtamped thrice, and waved her wand in awful guiſe: the thunder then rolled again, accompanied with clanking of chains and doleful wailings. Then ſitting down to the table, they pointed to an empty chair, and made ſigns to Lord Fanfare to ſit; which he obeying, they offered him wine and ſweet-meats; but he durſt not venture to taſte.

They bumpered it away merrily, laugh-

laughing, hallooing, and ſinging for a conſiderable time; till the enchantreſs ſtriking the table with her rod, a ſymphony of muſic was heard. Up they roſe, and began to amble about in fantaſtic meaſures, ſetting Lord Fanfare in the midſt, and dancing round him, while he ſtood motionleſs, in terrible expectation of the concluſion of this adventure.

The dawn at length making their torches burn dim, they unmaſked. The peer, to his unutterable confuſion, beheld the faces of Sir James Violet, of Matilda, of Mr Woodville, of Squire Ticklepitcher, of Miſs Pa-

dragon, and ſeveral more, all burſting with laughter upon him.

Lord Fanfare, ſaid the knight, you entertained us with a maſquerade,—and we have endeavoured to return the compliment. I hope you are ſatisfied with the ſport. The favour you intended me this night, indeed, deſerved a more ſerious reproof; and that you ſhould now moſt certainly have;—but, to the unſpeakable terrors you have already ſuffered, it were downright barbarity to add the terror of the ſword.——Live, and be ridiculous.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXIX.

BRIEF EXPLANATIONS.

IT will now be proper to explain a little the contrivance of the foregoing ſcene; in the beginning of which, the reader was no doubt in pain for Matilda's ſincerity.—Upon Mr Woodville's going to Valombroſa, as mentioned in Chap. xxiv. he found Sir James and his lady meditating an anſwer to Lord Fanfare's billet-doux. —— Here comes my bro-

ther, ſaid Matilda, to give us his advice.

I'll neither give nor take advice, ſaid Woodville. I come to give you my orders. I have contrived and digeſted the whole plot, and I will now communicate it for your approbation:—mend it you cannot. He is fond of maſquerades—we ſhall give him a ſpecimen of our abilities in that way.——It ſhall be a romantic affair too—in compliment to this romantic knight. You know the old caſtle of Morley, Madam?——Appoint the naughty lord to meet you there tomorrow at midnight; and by all means

means keep your appointment to ſee the ſport. If you can procure any company, ſo much the better. I ſhall attend, with my man Roger, and other three clowns, all rare lovers of fun. We have provided a competence of lightning, and a muſtard-bowl for thundering; and we ſhall make ſuch a noiſe among the battlements, as if a legion of Rabelais' devils were broke looſe.

In purſuance of this ſcheme, Matilda wrote the letter which ſo aſtoniſhed Colonel Whynyard. The intervening time was ſpent in procuring company, and preparing dreſſes.—

Woodville played the flying devil, and performed his flight by means of a ſtrong rope, drawn above by Roger Darnel and the other thunderers. Lady Violet, upon the aſcent of Lord Fanfare, changed her dreſs, and came up by the ſtair-caſe. The ſaloon where they met was the only undeſolated room in the whole caſtle; and the muſic was three country-fiddlers perched upon a beam, who were, not without difficulty, prevailed on to engage in the adventure.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXX.

FRIENDLY CONSOLATIONS.

LORD FANFARE got home in a ſtate of mind that beggars all deſcription. He ſlept five or ſix hours, if ſleep it might be called in which he was hurried through a thouſand frightful viſions. In the morning he dared not to riſe, but ſent word to Lady Louiſa that he had a ſlight headach which made him keep his bed, and begged her to entertain the Colonel.

The

The Colonel, in high ſpirits, came to comfort the peer. Inſtead of preaching againſt adultery, as he had done the day before, he now praiſed it as the moſt pleaſant, convenient, and gentlemanly ſin of all the deadly ſeven; envying his Lordſhip the dear delights of laſt conſcious night,—and wiſhing he had been in his place.—This was like applying cauſtics to a green wound. Lord Fanfare lay muttering a hundred curſes and damns between his teeth.

But faith, my Lord, ſaid the Colonel, you ſeem to have been rather intemperate. Why, you look quite lean,

lean, lank, and thin i' the cheek—like a ſhotten herring. The fond thing, I take it, was ſo cooing, and billing, and willing, [Damnation! quoth Lord Fanfare], and ſo laviſh of embraces, and careſſes, and kiſſes, [Curſe you! quoth Lord Fanfare], that you was quite loſt in reiterated rapture, [Hell and the devil! quoth Lord Fanfare], and thought the live-long night too brief. [Damn it! quoth Lord Fanfare.] Then, moreover, there was ſomething ſo wild, ſo romantic, ſo enchanting in the ſcene——

Curſe this old rogue! ſaid Lord

Fanfare to himſelf; and then aloud, —For heaven's ſake, my dear Colonel, ſay no more on the ſubject!—My raptures were great, as you ſay;—but your voice rends my head—and I can't ſpeak.——Go to Louiſa.

Well, my Lord, ſaid the Colonel, I'll trouble your repoſe no longer. Compoſe yourſelf, my Lord:—get a bowl of ſtrong ſoup—and entertain yourſelf with reflections on your joys. (*Walks to the door, and returns*) Do you remember Lee's ſong, my Lord?

Oh the time that is paſt,
When ſhe held me ſo faſt,

And

And declar'd that her honour no longer could laſt!
No light but her languiſhing eyes did appear—

God's fury! cried Lord Fanfare, have you a mind to put me in a fever?

Well, quoth the Colonel, well, my Lord—a good day to your Lordſhip. (*Goes to the door, and returns again.*) What a pity it is, my Lord, that our delights ſhould thus leave a ſting behind them!——'Tis a pity, I ſay—it is pitiful——

He was at length put out by lawyer Whittington; but his removal brought no eaſe to the unfortunate peer, Whit-

tington himſelf coming charged with the woful intelligence, that the grand proſecution of *crim. con.* was come to an untimely end.——Ten thouſand curſes blaſt you! cried Lord Fanfare, grinding his teeth in agony—muſt I loſe my laſt ſtake for revenge?—You lie—blockhead—fool—

It is but too true, my Lord, replied Whittington unmoved. There was a great miſtake in grounding the proceſs; inaſmuch as it appeared not that Mr Woodville ever had been with Lady Fanfare: for the perſon being maſked, and, as the Civilians ſay, *ficta perſona*, could not be ſuſtained

ſtained in law; and therefore it became neceſſary to lead a proof of the identity of Woodville and ancient Piſtol. And here ſprung the mine: for by the depoſitions of the ſervants who were preſent at their dreſſing and undreſſing, it is diſcovered that Piſtol was no other than Lady Violet, and that your Lordſhip made love to your enemy Woodville, in the dreſs of Mrs Quickly. Never was there any thing ſo unlucky and prepoſterous! I know of no law, my Lord, that we can now purſue them by, except the law of Moſes—which forbids—

Fifty things, ſaid Lord Fanfare,

that

that we never mind——Leave me, Whittington—get you gone—I muſt write to Lady Fanfare.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

A CHAPTER OF GOOD-BREEDING.

THAT deſpair ſometimes inſpires courage, is a trite but true obſervation. Lord Fanfare, ſeeing every poſſible hope of vengeance fled, ſuddenly laid aſide his mighty wrath—regained his wonted levity—roſe—dreſſed—and wrote this billet to his lady.

My deareſt Fanny,

The diſcovery of your innocence

has made me at once happy and miſerable: Happy in finding that my ſuſpicions were unjuſt;—and miſerable at the thought of having given you pain, and the fear that you will not forgive me. Jealouſy, you know, is an infallible ſymptom of love.—Think of that, dear Fan;—forget, and be kind. I ſend the chariot, in which I hope you will return, ſmiling, to bleſs your faithful

FANFARE.

This requeſt ſhe without delay obeyed. She and her Lord now underſtood each other perfectly. They met

met with well-dissembled rapture,—rushed into each other's arms,—muttered words of endearment,—and even shed tears of joy.—O it was a scene on which the spirit of Chesterfield might have looked with approbation!

Lady Fanfare had been convinced that Lady Louisa was the cause of her disappointment with Woodville; and, fired with all the rage of a slighted beauty, vowed revenge. In the tender moments of affected reconciliation, she hinted modestly to Lord Fanfare her suspicion of Louisa's being at the bottom of the plot which

had wrought all their wo.——I am not ignorant, my Lord, said she, of of your gallantry to Lady Violet. Is it not possible that your sister suspected that affair, and communicated it to Woodville, who I know is her lover?

My dear Fan! cried the peer, you are certainly right. But—ha—Woodville her lover, say you!—Woodville the lover of my sister!—and favoured too, I suppose——tortures—damnation.—But here she comes; I will be calm.—So, my pretty maiden, you are in love with Farmer Woodville?

With Farmer Woodville! cried Louisa peevishly—Who told you so, my Lord?

Told him! cried Lady Fanfare; why, sister, the whole parish has it —Surprising, that people of quality should pay so little regard to their reputation! Indeed, I look for nothing less than to see your heads in the next number of the Scandalous Magazine—the Noble Shepherdess, and the Fortunate Palemon.

He—he—quoth Lord Fanfare—he, he!—you are so witty, little rogue!——But perhaps, Louisa, he

believes you a fortune; and perhaps you believe ſo yourſelf. You have heard, no doubt, that your father left you twenty thouſand pounds: ——There is a ſmall miſtake in that report, child. He did indeed recommend it to me to give you that ſum, upon your marriage with a man whom I ſhould approve. It is a great ſum, Louiſa; and I by no means approve of your marrying Farmer Woodville. Beſides, I know the old gentleman on his death-bed gave you a purſe of a thouſand. You have ſince lived in my family at no expence, and therefore muſt have that ſum entire; which I

I think will be ſufficient in all con-
ſcience.

Sufficient! ſaid Lady Fanfare; ay
and more. What can a farmer do
with a thouſand pounds?

What have I done, madam, ſaid
Lady Louiſa, to deſerve this lan-
guage? — Did I ſend Mr. Woodville
a ticket for the maſquerade? — or dog
him about the rooms? — or —

Would your Ladyſhip inſinuate that
I did ſo? cried Lady Fanfare, boiling
with rage. Will you, Madam, dare
to affirm ſo ſcandalous an aſperſion!

—O my God! is it come to this?—Muſt I be thus abuſed, juſt after my fame is cleared to all the world? Inſufferable!—I can't ſupport it,—Lord Fanfare, can you ſee me thus abuſed? —Oh—it kills me—Ah—! And with that, ſo ſhe fainted.

Recovering in due time, ſhe ſaid with a ſteady determined air,—Lady Louiſa, after this uſage, the ſame houſe cannot contain your Ladyſhip and me. And I inſiſt on it, Lord Fanfare, that you deſire your ſiſter to remove—or this night I return to Vezhall.

I will not be the cauſe of a ſecond ſeparation, ſaid Lady Louiſa with a ſmile. I beg your Lordſhip will order your coach to attend me in the morning.

My coach-horſes are ſick, ſaid his Lordſhip.

Shall I beg your Ladyſhip's chariot? ſaid Lady Louiſa.

My chariot carries no farmer's miſtreſſes, replied the polite peereſs.

Lady Louiſa dropped them a profound reverence, and walked out with

with an air of the moſt mortifying compoſure. Colonel Whynyard met her. Theſe, ſaid he, Lady Louiſa, are a couple of cruel, deſpicable, wretched fools. I heard this fine dialogue.——I pity you.

Poo, ſaid ſhe, nothing!——I'll diſturb their ſweet dwelling no longer. I am not deſtitute of friends.

That you cannot be, dear Madam, while there remains a man of ſenſe and feeling in the world. Will your Ladyſhip allow me the happineſs of driving you where you pleaſe.——Thank you, Colonel.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXII.

STRANGE CONDUCT OF A LADY.

NEXT day it happened that Woodville roſe very early. He gained the fields while the ſun was yet below the horizon, the morning-ſtar juſt ſinking behind his hill, and the ſmall grey clouds of night ſtill floating in the ſky. Happy and ſerene, he ſauntered through the dew; and but for one or two little doubts, that betrayed him at times into a ſigh, he

he had not a care under heaven to trouble him.

After walking ſeveral hours thro' his grounds, entertaining himſelf with thoſe pleaſing proſpects of ſucceeding happineſs which enter ſo naturally the vacant mind, he ſat down on the funny ſide of a bank by the highway ſide, to chat with the firſt courteous paſſenger that ſhould appear.

He had not long waited, when a damſel came tripping along, whoſe figure powerfully attracted his notice. She was dreſſed with the utmoſt ſimplicity, not to ſay vulgarity;——for

ſhe was deformed neither by hoops nor cuſhions,—thoſe admirable inventions which beauties uſe, in the humility of their hearts, to put themſelves on a level with the ugliеſt of their ſex. A ſlight jacket of calico, cloſe girt with a blue ribbon, encircled her ſlender waiſt; and a ſhort petticoat of the ſame ſurrounded her limbs. A ſtraw-hat ſhaded her face from the ſun;—and her long luxuriant hair hung down her back, in that charming negligence of nature which art muſt for ever ſtrive in vain to excel. Nothing of affectation or ſtiffneſs appeared in her air; ſhe ſtepped with a lively ſpring, and hum-

med

med a rural air to herself with a very sweet voice.

Good morrow, pretty maid, cried Woodville;—but not carelessly and indifferently,—no;—he stood up, without thinking of it, and made a bow. She dropped him a genteel courtesy in return, hanging her head blushing, as sensible of the honour he did her, and faltering out,—Good morrow to your honour.

Whether do you go so early? said Woodville.

I go along,—answered she pertly.

Well,

Well, happineſs go with you, my dear, ſaid Woodville: you are a very pretty girl. I have ſeen ten counteſſes with not half your charms.

La, Sir, ſaid the fair traveller, you are ſuch a kind-ſpoken gentleman—I am a-ſeeking ſervice.—Does your honour want a maid for the laundry, or dairy, or any work?

Her voice now ſhot through Woodville's heart. He peeped under her hat, and ſaw the face of Lady Louiſa Fanfare. He bowed again,—and begged pardon.——For what? ſaid ſhe,—for paying me the handſomeſt

compliments I ever received in my life?——But I fear you knew me.—Confeſs, Mr Woodville, you did.

I did not, ſaid he, nor can I yet conceive why Lady Louiſa Fanfare ſhould be trudging along the highway in the dreſs of a milkmaid. What is the meaning of this?——It is eaſily explained, Sir, replied Louiſa:—my dreſs is agreeable to my circumſtances; it is poor, and ſo am I. Except the hundred guineas you ſent me, Louiſa is not worth a groat.

She then ſitting beſide him on the bank, related at large the diſgrace

the

ſhe had ſuffered, and the diſagreeable diſcovery reſpecting her fortune ſhe had made.

By Heaven! cried Woodville, falling on his knees, and taking her hand reſpectfully, it is what I wiſhed for. I can now purſue my love, and preſerve my INDEPENDENCE. Charming Louiſa—a thouſand times dearer to me at this moment than when flaming in ſilks and diamonds—may I now indulge the ſweet hope of making thee happy? of ſheltering thy dear head from the ſcorns of miſerable pride? and ſharing with thee felicity, which never yet entered the manſion

you have left?——Let me lead you, madam, to yon peaceful cottage;—the fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine.

Lady Louiſa. Your propoſal, Mr Woodville, I will own, is not diſagreeable: And in the ſituation you generouſly offer me, I ſhould certainly be envied by at leaſt one woman of quality. But I cannot have you think that I came out juſt to throw myſelf into your arms, and palm a poor, reduced, broken ladyſhip upon you for a wife [Here he ſtopped her mouth with kiſſes.] Although in the heyday of my fortune I could have—I could,

could, I ſay—tut, you put me out —I don't know what I meant to ſay.

Woodville. Speak out, my deareſt Louiſa, and bleſs me.

Lady Louiſa. No——I'll bleſs you no more at this time. Let me paſs—I go to my uncle's at Cheveron place.

Woodville. Is it poſſible?

Lady Louiſa. Very poſſible, Sir; it is my fixed route. My kind brother and ſiſter yeſterday refuſed to lend me any conveyance—not even

a horſe. Colonel Whynyard, indeed, offered to drive me in his phaeton; but I had ſome reaſons for declining that favour. So I chooſe to walk in the cool of the morning, and in this dreſs.

Woodville. It cannot be, my dear Lady Louiſa!——It is ten long miles.—Can theſe tender limbs bear the duſty road? and that ſnowy neck the burning ſun?

Lady Louiſa. Pſhaw, man!—would you perſuade me to be a farmer's wife, and frighten me at the road and the ſun?——How ſhall I go with your

your eggs and butter to market?—But ſet your heart at eaſe, Charles; I walk no farther than to the Vicar's houſe, where I yeſternight ſent my cloaths. Mr Marrowfat is ſo kind as to furniſh me with horſes.

Woodville. But, my deareſt Louiſa, where is the neceſſity for this journey at all?——Already have you waſted too many precious days on fools. We have not a hundred years of youth before us, Louiſa.

Lady Louiſa. Charles, I am reſolved on this ſtep; and you muſt not diſpute it farther.

Woodville. You will then allow me the happineſs of eſcorting you, and accept of my horſes. I have a little mare will bear you along as fleet and ſmooth as a ſwallow.

Lady Louiſa. No——I cannot conſent even to that. But—you was once a favourite of my uncle: If you will take the trouble of renewing your acquaintance,—I won't be much diſpleaſed at it. And now you may ſquire me to the parſonage-houſe.

He took her hand, and, kiſſing it ſeveral times, put it under his arm. They walked ſlowly, converſing on ſubjects

ſubjects which made the road appear but a pitiful ſpan. At Mr Marrowfat's door, ſhe formally diſmiſſed him; and, entering, was politely received by the hoſpitable family.

CHAP. XXXIII.

REASONS OF THE LADY'S STRANGE CONDUCT.

THIS meeting with her lover made Lady Louiſa very happy; for it anſwered minutely the wiſhes ſhe had formed the preceding evening. After the curious dialogue with Lord Fanfare and his lady, recorded in Chap. xxxi. ſhe had gone to viſit at Mr Marrowfat's; related there her diſgrace with the utmoſt vivacity and unconcern; and, without aſking it, obtained

obtained an unlimited offer from the generous vicar of protection and aſſiſtance.——She remarked at that time ſomething particular in the behaviour of the eldeſt Miſs Marrowfat; who, tittering, aſked if Mr Woodville knew this miſchance; and, in expreſſions of moſt ardent friendſhip, preſſed Lady Louiſa to take refuge at Cheveron-place, offering even herſelf to accompany her thither. Lady Louiſa politely declined that favour; and returning to Fanfare-houſe, ſent her maid to the parſonage, with her cloaths, and orders to wait for her there the next morning.——In the mean time, ſhe borrowed from one

of

of the chambermaids the dreſs we have already ſeen her wear; in which ſhe had a double deſign,—of ſurpriſing her brother and ſiſter, and, if poſſible, her lover alſo. In both ſhe ſucceeded. On taking leave of the peer and his lady (which ſhe did after ſupper with much formality), thoſe noble perſonages beheld her metamorphoſis with vaſt aſtoniſhment; which was ſtill increaſed, by hearing her gayly thank them for all their favours; and declare, that though now ſhe had laid all her trappings of ſtate aſide, ſhe yet had good hopes of ſeeing them again, and that without having need to borrow a chariot.——

And on meeting Woodville, (whom ſhe knew for an early walker), ſhe had the unſpeakable delight of finding him ſtill inſpired with all the ardour of diſintereſted paſſion, which had formerly made him ſo dear to her heart.

Now at the parſonage-houſe, ſhe put off her humble robes, and dreſſed in a very rich riding-habit.——Here was a young parſon, named Mr Cabriole, who inſiſted with ſuch importunate civility on the honour of eſcorting her to Cheveron-place, that ſhe found it impoſſible to give him a denial. His company, indeed, promiſed

miſed her ſome amuſement; for he was a right eccleſiaſtical beau, a perfect ladies' man, and much better ſkilled in dancing than divinity. His learning was of that frothy kind which is gathered by ſkimming over the ſurface of ſcience; and his accompliſhments inclined all more to the brilliant than the ſolid. However, the fellow was happy; for he had a very good opinion of himſelf, and too little penetration to perceive that any body deſpiſed or ridiculed him. Accompanied by this gentleman, her maid, and Mr Marrowfat's ſervant, Lady Louiſa took her jour-

ney, and, after a pleasant ride, arrived in sight of her uncle's dwelling.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIV.

CHEVERON PLACE.

THE entry to Cheveron-place was through a lofty Gothic arch, ſurmounted with the family-creſt,—a cow's tail growing out of a regal crown, admirably carved in black oak, which at a little diſtance looked almoſt as well as black marble. After paſſing this gate, which opened and ſhut "with impetous recoil and jarring ſound," Lady Louiſa and her company were preſented with an avenue

nue of ſix hundred yards in length, ſhaded by venerable oaks, mathematically diſpoſed in right lines, and planted in the reign of William Rufus. Regaled by the ſcreaming and flapping of rooks and owls, they paraded along this majeſtic walk to the houſe of gloomy grandeur, of ample Gothic front, loaded with hanging towers and battlements, a crown and cow's tail over every window, and a magnificent atchievement in ſable ſtate above the main door.

No groom, no porter, nor other attendant appeared. For the company having been deſcried afar, the gentleman-

man-usher, who was also the butler, cook, and groom, had retired, to put off his greasy kitchen-frock, and array himself in his gorgeous livery. Lady Louisa, well acquainted with the manners of the mansion, waited patiently till this person (whose name was Walter) made his appearance; which he at length did, with many profound reverences; and after welcoming the lady to Cheveron-place, desired her to walk into the hall, where she would find, at his morning contemplations, that renowned and noble gentleman, Adam Hobby, Esq.

This Walter was a sly dry old fellow,

low, who poſſeſſed his maſter's confidence, by humouring his follies, which he inwardly laughed at. And had he known who the viſitor was, he would have uſed much leſs ceremony in decorating himſelf; for Lady Louiſa was his old friend and favourite. Nothing delighted him more than an opportunity of putting the old Squire into a ridiculous ſituation; and ſuch an opportunity he never miſſed, when he could with ſafety ſeize it.——It was with that deſign he had deſired the lady to walk into the hall; for upon her entrance there, ſhe found Mr Adam Hobby (little expecting ſuch company) in a tattered

robe-de-chambre, buſy at the operation of ſhaving himſelf. Perceiving a lady in ſuperb riding apparel, and not being ſufficiently clear-ſighted to recogniſe her face, he was ſeized with the utmoſt conſternation, to think how he ſhould deport himſelf in the ceremony of ſalute.——He had but a moment to conſider and reſolve: ſo, recollecting that one half of his face was already ſcraped, he aroſe, and applied the clean ſide diſcreetly and warily to Louiſa's bluſhing cheek;—then advancing, did the like to Mr Gabriole; but with ſo little caution, that he left a conſiderable portion of ſuds hanging at the parſon's noſe, to

the great annoyance of that gentleman's delicacy. The cauſe of his hurry and trepidation with the latter, was his hearing Louiſa ſay, My dear uncle, I hope you are well.—Upon which he haſted to give her his bleſſing, and lead her to the moſt honourable ſeat. Then gathering up his ſhaving-utenſils, he made a precipitate retreat, to finiſh the buſineſs in another room.

What a vile Bore! quoth parſon Cabriole, wiping his nob.—Let us get to our horſes again, madam.—I can never leave you with ſuch an

antediluvian—a man of wood—an automaton.

Then, Sir, ſaid Lady Louiſa, if you cannot leave me, you muſt ſtay here!—and I dare ſay my uncle will be happy in your company. He delights much to talk on learned ſubjects,—and you will find him no deſpicable ſcholar.

This intelligence was ſufficient for the parſon, who had an inſuperable antipathy at ſcholars; and for fear of being thought a pedant, was extremely cautious of keeping company with learned men. Hearing alſo from the

the lady, that there was neither harpſichord, guittar, violin, nor flute in the houſe, and that Mr Hobby read none of the new novels, magazines, nor miſcellanies, he ſaw there was nothing for him but a ſpeedy retreat. He therefore recollected that he was engaged to dine at Squire Ticklepitcher's; and as ſoon as Squire Hobby returned from ſhaving, took his leave.

CHAP. XXXV.

MR HOBBY'S CONVERSATION WITH HIS NIECE.

LADY LOUISA, being now alone with her uncle, related to him the ungenerous uſage ſhe had received from Lord Fanfare and his lady, imputing it chiefly to the inſtigations of the latter; and told him, that ſhe was now come to claim his protection.

It was not my fault, Louiſa, ſaid he, that ever you ſought another protector.

tector. You know I never could have uſed you thus. Your dear aunt, while ſhe lived, doated on you; —your couſin Dick adored you;— and I loved you as my daughter.—— The day you left Cheveron-place, Louiſa, to flaunt among upſtart nobility, this venerable dome of my renowned anceſtors was robbed of its brighteſt ornament: And I think ever ſince a gloomy cloud has hung around it.——

——My dear uncle—you know what cauſe I had—the requeſt of a dying father could not be refuſed—

—Well, child, well,—let your father rest—he was an honeſt man, and loved my ſiſter well. I never approved, indeed, of his earldom;— it ſmelt in my noſe—faugh!—It was not ſo that my great progenitor, Sir Hubert Hobby, gained theſe arms, [*pointing to an eſcutcheon that hung on the wall.*] As for the abuſe you have received from your brother's wife,—pray, child, what better could you expect from the deſcendent of a fiſhmonger,—as I am well informed her great-grandfather was—faugh—it has a twang of Billinſgate.—However, I rejoice at it,—it has driven my wanderer home.—But, apropos

apropos of wanderers,—do you know my son Dick is dead at Cape Comerin?

O heavens! my dear uncle, my couſin Dick dead!

—Dick is dead. A fooliſh fellowe—a fooliſh fellow!—Had he ſtaid, as I have done, content on his paternal eſtate, he might have been this day alive and merry. But he would travel—he would make a fortune,—he would go to Ophir for gold;—and the Indian ſun has broiled poor Dick to death—A fooliſh fellow!——Now I ſtand a withered blaſted ſtock, without

without one ſlip to bear my honours to poſterity.—I muſt go to my grave the laſt of all the Hobbies.——And he thought to make up for all this, by ſending me fifty thouſand pounds.—Moth and ruſt corrupt the vile traſh! What is money to me?——None of the Hobbies were ever rich—and why ſhould I?——Poor Dick! wert thou ſtanding there, naked as thy dear mother bore thee, I could cluck all thy gems and ingots into the ſea!

Lady Louiſa had really heard ſome inkling of this event, though ſhe pretended ignorance.——But ſhe had heard nothing of what concerned her

moſt; nor did Mr Hobby himſelf know it. For the diſpatches having only arrived the preceding night, he had only learnt the groſs amount of his ſon's fortune, without particularly examining the ſeveral documents. That ſcrutiny he no ſooner ſet about, than he found that he had made a ſmall miſtake;—for Louiſa was in fact poor Richard's legatee, and Mr Hobby only a life-renter.

Bleſſed be the Lord! cried the old man;—I ſee the lad has had his ſenſes to the laſt. He has died, like a true Hobby, mindful of the companions of his youth. Now am I reconciled

to my riches;—I love them,—and will uſe them.——Well, reſt thy ſoul, Dick!—thou haſt done as I would have wiſhed thee.

Lady Louiſa. My dear uncle, will you grant me a favour?

Mr Hobby. Aſk it.

Lady Louiſa. Keep this matter ſecret a few weeks.

Mr Hobby. I will.——My dear niece, will you grant me a favour?

Lady Louiſa. Aſk it.

Mr Hobby. Don't marry some new upstart Lord in a few weeks.

Lady Louisa. I will not.

CHAP. XXXVI.

A GOOD CAUSE RUINED BY A SMALL BLUNDER.

TO eaſe his mind in this particular, ſhe gave him ſome hints of Woodville's attachment. He heard them calmly; inquired particularly into the young man's behaviour; and as he had formerly ſtudied his armorial bearing, which he knew to be unexceptionable, he was upon the point of declaring his approbation,—

when

when the mighty Colonel Whynyard arrived in his phaeton.

At Louiſa's deſire, Squire Hobby withdrew. The Colonel entered. He came to ſhow Lady Louiſa, he ſaid, that the propoſals he had formerly made her were noway grounded on the hope of her riches; for that now in her adverſity his love was ſtill the ſame, and he would think himſelf the happieſt of men to be honoured with her hand on her own terms.

Lady Louiſa. I thought, Colonel, I had ſatisfied you as to that point already.

already. My affections, I aſſure you, Sir, are not apt to waver.

Colonel Whynyard. A lover, Madam, catches at every glimpſe of ſucceſs. As I have diſcovered (pardon me, Madam) a ſmall diſingenuity in your declaration, I preſumptuouſly hope, that the whole of it was feigned, that you was induced to make it by ſome amiable levity, and that my conſtancy may have now inclined you to be more favourable.

Lady Louiſa. Pray, what diſingenuity?

Colonel Whynyard. You informed me, Lady Louiſa, that I had no rival. I am now aſſured by Parſon Cabriole, who has it from Miſs Marrowfat, that Farmer Woodville has honoured your Ladyſhip with his addreſſes, without exciting your diſpleaſure.

Lady Louiſa bluſhed—deep, deep, —but with anger rather than ſhame. ——Farmer Woodville!—I believe, Sir, Miſs Marrowfat would give three of her beſt teeth to be honoured with Farmer Woodville's addreſſes.—But ſuppoſing your information to be juſt, you have no cauſe to think that I de-

ceived you. You could not have a rival in my affections, without poſſeſſing ſome ſhare of them yourſelf,—and that you never did.——You have now, indeed, fallen upon a pretty way of making love,—by civilly giving me the lie. There was a time, Sir, when you would not have been ſo bold.—But poverty, I ſee, brings contempt.

Colonel Whynyard. By Heaven! Madam, I reſpect—I honour—I venerate you at this moment more than ever.

Lady Louiſa. How, Sir!—at Fanfare-houſe you reſpectfully applied to my

my brother; here you bluntly addreſs myſelf. But even here, Sir, I have a guardian, one who will not ſuffer his niece to be inſulted.——Walter, deſire your maſter to walk this way.—[*Enter Mr* Hobby.]——O my dear uncle, here is a tremendous bloody-minded colonel, who has the audacity to make me honourable propoſals, without acquainting you.

Mr Hobby. What! was ever the like heard in the family of the Hobbies?——Sir, this young lady is my ward; and if you have any thing to ſay againſt her, or for her, I am your man. Retire, my dear child,

till the gentleman open his mind. [*Exit Lady* Louisa.]——Now, Sir, we are alone; propose—utter—discuss——

Colonel Whynyard. Sir, in a few words, (for I hate many), I love Lady Louisa to distraction, madness, and folly.

Mr Hobby. Sir, I pity you. By Sir Hubert Hobby's rusty gauntlet, I most earnestly commiserate your case!

Colonel Whynyard. I know she has no fortune. I have forty thousand

 pounds,

pounds, which I would gladly share with her.——[Exit Lady Louiſa.]——Now, Sir, we are alone; propoſe—utter—diſ——

Mr Hobby. Pray, Colonel, may a man without offence aſk your name?

Colonel Whynyard. My name, Sir, is Chriſtopher Whynyard.

Mr Hobby. Whynyard—a good name—a very good name;—it might ſuit my niece well. Now, Colonel Chriſtopher Whynyard, the firſt thing to be done, is to ſhow me your coat of arms. Lady Louiſa, by the maternal ſide, is allied to as honourable a bearing as ever graced a ſhield. Yon-

der it hangs, Sir. You know the riſe of our family, I ſuppoſe?

Colonel Whynyard. No, I proteſt.

Mr Hobby. Oh, Colonel, I pity your ignorance. It is one of the brighteſt ſtories recorded in hiſtory. You may perhaps have heard of William the Second, *alias* William Rufus, King of England. He was one day hunting in Windſor Foreſt, for he was a mighty hunter, when a red cow appeared on the hill——

Colonel Whynyard. 'Sblood! what is William Rufus's hunting to you or

me, Mr Hobby? Let us talk of Lady Louiſa.

At this Hobby was ſtruck dumb, and his viſage turned pale with rage. Five hundred and odd times had he before related this ſtory, without one mortal daring to interrupt him. As ſoon as his tongue would obey, he roſe up, and took the Colonel by the hand:—"Maſter Colonel Chriſtopher Whynyard, were my niece as ugly as the witch of Endor, and as rank as Meſſalina, you ſhould have my conſent to take her to wife: but as ſhe is more chaſte and beautiful than any female that ever your family

could boaſt, I'd rather ſee her carrying a tinker's wallet, than riding in your phaeton. By the by, Sir, it is a very pretty phaeton—and you may order it to the door when you pleaſe. Farewell, good Colonel Chriſtopher Whynyard."

CHAP. XXXVII.

THE INDEPENDENT SURPRISED.

THE Colonel took his advice, mounted without loſs of time, and drove ſtreight to Woodville's farm, where he alighted, and inquired for the maſter. Woodville received him more graciouſly than he had reaſon to expect; indeed with the utmoſt cordiality.——After ſome gay paſſes of wit upon the ſubject of their former rencounters, the Colonel introduced a diſcourſe of Lady Louiſa;

in

in which he made no ſcruple of owning his flame, and even exhorted Woodville to give up his pretenſions.

No more of that, if you love me, Colonel, ſaid Woodville. You have already done me conſiderable prejudice with that lady; and I know not what has reſtrained me from calling you to account for it.——But now, I give you warning,—avoid Cheveron-place. I'll have a blunderbuſs laid in the avenue, that ſhall go off at the rattling of a phaeton.

O brave! cried the Colonel.——But, harkee, Charles, I proteſt it is

out

out of pity, compaſſion, and generoſity, that I am your rival: For, ſhould you gain Lady Louiſa, you muſt be both miſerable. She is poor —you are poor;—how ſhall you live —exiſt—breathe?

Colonel, ſaid Woodville, I invite you to ſpend a month with us after our honey-moon is over:—You ſhall then ſee how we live, exiſt, and breathe. But, Sir, a mere exiſtence will not ſatisfy us. We will be happy—ſupremely happy.—I challenge you to name one pleaſure worthy of a rational being, which I am not able here to give my Louiſa.—I know

her

her soul superior to the glare of Fortune, and all the gaudy trappings of magnificence.——Were a coach, a palace, a legion of servants, and an eternal round of expensive dissipations included in her idea of happiness, I would——try to forget her.

So then, quoth the Colonel, your scheme of happiness is finished, complete, and perfect. Poverty could not defeat it, nor wealth mend it.

I won't say that, replied Woodville; but I run no risk of making the trial. I have forsworn the dice, and therefore cannot be poor.——I am neither

knave

knave nor miser, and therefore cannot be rich.

Here the Colonel suddenly caught him in his arms, crying out:—My dear Charles!—my wife!—my noble—my gallant Charles!——my son!

Your son! cried Woodville in astonishment.

My son, by all the saints and angels!—Down on your knees, rogue! God bless you! God bless you! O Charles, I am the happiest old fellow in Europe!——But sit, man, sit; till I expatiate, explain, and develope;

velope; for I see you hardly believe me.

He was right. Woodville actually feared the poor Colonel's head-piece had received some damage. However, he remained attentive, while the Colonel proceeded thus:——You know, Charles, that upon the death of your mother, I left you and Matilda to the care of my sister, and went to the East Indies. I remained there ten years, gathering money and losing health; and upon my voyage homeward formed a scheme, which was perhaps absurd and blameable, but which I need not now defend, as

its iſſue has been ſo delightful. I reſolved ſo try my childrens' diſpoſitions, by rendering them independent, and ſecretly watching their conduct. This I could eaſily do, by giving them a part of my fortune; and the trial would ſhow me whether they deſerved the reſt of it. You had ſeen me ſo little before my departure, and the tropical climates had ſo altered my looks, that I feared no perſonal diſcovery. I therefore ſent to your guardians fictitious accounts of my death, my fortune, my will, and all that. I changed my name, thruſt myſelf into your intimacy, joined in your mad rambles, won your money,

and

and was witneſs to your reformation with rapture.—Still I hovered about you and my Matilda, whoſe conqueſt of Sir James Violet pleaſed me highly. I affected to rival you, only to diſcover the nature and degree of your miſtreſs's love; which I am now convinced is pure and potent. I reliſhed, with ineffable ſatisfaction, your behaviour to Lady Fanfare, and your ſiſter's to her Lord. It was I that ſent bail to Farmer Rye: It was I that wrote the monitory letter to Lady Violet, for which ſhe amply repaid me by the maſk of devils at the old caſtle, whither I privately followed Lord Fanfare. It was I that robbed

Sir Patrick Puff, for the ſake of your epiſtle to Lady Fanfare.——Every circumſtance, Charles, raviſhed me with joy:—and now, you rogue, I will raviſh you with joy, if it can be done by aſſuring you, that you are diſtractedly beloved by the charmingeſt girl in England.

Here he related to him minutely his viſit at Cheveron-place, and then proceeded:—I am now rich, Charles, —very rich. But that's nothing to you, Sir; for I'm as fond of independence as yourſelf.——However, for the preſent, to help you to improve your farm, and to build a wing

to your houſe for a nurſery or ſo,—I'll give you the twelve thouſand that I cheated you of.——After the adventures we have had together, I cannot expect much reverence, reſpect, or filial veneration from you; nor can I with propriety exert or enforce my paternal authority. I look for nothing of that kind. I only wiſh you to treat me as an ordinary gentleman. Live as you have done, undiſturbed, uncontrolled,—accountable to none but your conſcience and your God.—And now, you rogue, go make your miſtreſs happy:—my way lies to Valombroſa, where I muſt embrace my amiable Matilda.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

THE INDEPENDENT HAPPY.

——————— Bleſs'd are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe.

NOTWITHSTANDING the calm and philoſophic ſpirit which Woodville poſſeſſed,—notwithſtanding the true opinions which experience had taught him to form of life's enjoyments,—he was far from receiving

ving this diſcovery with indifference. ——I will never leave my farm, ſaid he, but I will conſtantly beautify it; —I will heighten every natural charm to higher bloom.——A wide, dull, level lawn, ſhall not take the place of my corn-fields and hedge-rows; nor half-a-dozen powdered gentlemen, of my truſty Roger, and his train of ſturdy clowns: But the woodbines and eglantines ſhall extend their ſweet influences; and many a ſeat of fine hewn ſtone ſhall accommodate the weary traveller, and the ſauntering lover. Hard by yon copſe will I build my Louiſa a charming little pavillion; and there ſhe ſhall ſit, the queen of the

the groves. A chariot too, Louiſa, ſhalt thou have, to drive thee to church, "when blood is nipt, and ways be foul;"—and never, Louiſa, ſhalt thou find thy purſe empty, when the miſerable look for relief from thy dear hand!

Thoughts like theſe occupied his mind, as he rode, next day, to Cheveron-place, where Eſquire Hobby received him with grave ſalutation and greeting.——Woodville was reſolved to break his propoſals without delay, and formally demand Lady Louiſa in marriage. But, to put the old man in good humour, he thought

it neceſſary to give him a ſhort ride on his hobby-horſe; for which Lady Louiſa gave him time, by remaining in her dreſſing-room a full half-hour after his arrival. He therefore lugged into the converſation the family-arms, and with all ſpeed came to the ſtory of the red cow.

Woodville. That cow, Mr Hobby, which put the king in bodily fear, and gave your anceſtor ſo noble an occaſion of exerting his proweſs, was ſurely of a particular kind.

Mr Hobby. It was ſo indeed, Sir. There are no ſuch cows to be ſeen now-

now-a-days. It was of the kind called by Pliny *biſontes jubati*;—ſhaggy, wild, grim, and fiercer than fifty Welch runts. William Rufus, as he came pacing along the foreſt, ſaw it on the hill; he ſhot an arrow, and wounded it ſlightly in the buttock,—a mere ſcratch o' the rump. Down came the furious beaſt, tearing up the earth, and overturning the wood, bellowing and bulluring—hoo—roo—boo—groo! William Rufus ſtood aghaſt, ſhaking his carroty locks, and praying to St Hubert, patron and protector of huntſmen. The ſaint heard him, and ſent his nameſake and my anceſtor, Sir Hubert Hobby; who

flew at the raging monſter, caught her by the tail, and by main force threw her over a high rock, into a deep water-fall, where ſhe was ſeen no more. Thus was William Rufus ſaved.——How he ſuffered himſelf afterwards to be ſhot by Walter Tyrrel, is no buſineſs of mine. But I am certain, Sir Hubert was not there; for ſuch was his loyalty and agility, that he would have catched Tyrrel's arrow in the air, as he did the cow's tail.

Woodville honoured this legend with a loud laugh, as he had done twenty

twenty times before. And this, ſaid he, was the cauſe of your arms?

Mr Hobby. Yes. You ſee the cow's tail and crown is our creſt: And to expreſs the wonderful ſpeed of Sir Hubert, we bear in our ſhield gules, three hawks, volant, ſcratchant, alluding alſo to our name; for the hobby, you know, is a hawk.——So much for that, my dear Charles;—I love not to talk too much on theſe points; it ſmells of vain-glory——faugh.

Woodville. To change the ſubject then,—there is a lady now under your protection

protection, for whom I entertain the moſt tender and honourable ſentiments. The happineſs of my life depends on gaining her affections. I requeſt your leave to make my addreſſes to her.

Mr Hobby. A rare phraſe—make my addreſſes—a choice phraſe!—It means (or I miſtake it widely), Give me leave to marry her inſtantly. Ha, —is it ſo?

Woodville. Sir, your interpretation is not amiſs.

Mr Hobby. No—I were a pretty

fellow truly, not to be able at my years to interpret a phraſe of compliment.——Well, Charles, well, the lady's affections are not now to be gained;—that is all over,—or my noſe deceives me.——Now you are a fool for aſking my conſent; becauſe I am your friend. If you could prevail on me to give you a flat denial, your buſineſs were done; for ſhe would run off with you this very night. Her mother did ſo—her aunt did ſo—all women do ſo.——I remember, when I went a-wooing, I got a friend to repreſent me to my miſtreſs as the moſt wicked, raking, ſwaggering royſter in England. She gave me her hand

at

at the next meeting.——Beſides, Sir, there is another thing. My ſon died about a year ago;—for which cauſe, it is thought, I ſhould not appear at weddings or merry meetings for ſome time. But that would be the worſt of all poſſible reaſons for diſcouraging matrimony in my family. When one branch dies, the ſkilful gardener grafts on another. Therefore, harkee, —this is Monday,—go up ſtairs, and whiſper with Louiſa;—then go home and whiſper with parſon Marrowfat;—and on Thurſday, meet me halfway at Stubhill,—where I will deliver her for better for worſe into your own keeping.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIX.

A THEATRICAL CHAPTER.

LET us not take up time and paper to write the whiſpers of the lovers:—to write a whiſper well, as Mr Bayes aſſures us, is no eaſy matter. You may as well take a pinch of ſnuff, or pick your teeth, or hum a tune by way of ſymphony between the acts. Then up draws the curtain,—ſcene a garden,——the time Wedneſday—enter Mr Hobby and his man Walter.

Mr

Mr Hobby. Now, Walter, as I have told you, I deſign to conduct Lady Louiſa to-morrow, in a manner becoming my niece, and not inferior to the ſtate in which Mr Woodville comes to receive her. Therefore, Walter, you'll do well, when your friend Roger Darnel comes, as he has done theſe two days, for letters, and packets, and band-boxes, and the Lord knows what,—you'll do well, I ſay, Walter, to inquire into the ſtate of affairs at the Farm, and learn how Mr Woodville is to be accompanied.

Walter. I will, your worſhip. I'll take

take Roger to the cellar,—and we'll treat upon the matter. *Exit* Walter, *bowing, and winking, with his tongue in his cheek.*

——*Scene changes to the hall.* *Mr* Hobby *ſolus, walking about.* *Enter* Walter.

Walter. Ah, bleſs your worſhip, we're all taken napping! We ſhall be totally eclipſed,—yea extinguiſhed. Mr Woodville comes in Lady Violet's chariot. Her Ladyſhip is to be there too, with Sir James in the coach;—and Colonel Whynyard in his grand phaeton.—Now, your worſhip knows, that

that we have had no coach ſince my Lady's death.

Mr Hobby. Nor ever ſhall!——All this, Walter, daunts me not. What tell you me of coaches and phaetons for!——Vile productions of degeneracy and ſloth,—nurſes for the gout and ſtone!——My anceſtors were never men that truſted in chariots or horſes.—Sir Samuel Hobby, fifth baron of Cheveron-place, went to Runimede with threeſcore yeomen in his train.——Go ſummon my farmers, young and old, ſhepherds, cowherds, and ſwineherds,—let forty men attend

tend me at the gate to-morrow morning, accoutred at all points for a procession.

CHAP. XL.

THE CONCLUSION.

THE expected morning dawned; and Squire Hobby's horſemen awaited him at the gate, moſt ſkilfully drawn up and marſhalled by Walter; who ſhowed, upon this occaſion, that he had in him the ſeeds of great generalſhip. It chanced, that, by all the arts of borrowing and cobbling, no more than thirteen pair of boots could be muſtered; and with theſe it was required to equip

the legs of forty men. Walter performed this difficult problem in a maſterly manner. He drew up his men in ranks of three deep; of which thoſe on the outſides wore each one boot on his outward leg,—and the reſt none at all. By this diſpoſition, one pair of boots ſerved three men for all the purpoſes of decoration, and proper room was left for the imagination of the ſpectators to work in.

About noon, Lady Louiſa, mounted on a gallant prancer, iſſued forth, attended by her courteous uncle.—They put themſelves at the head of

the brigade, and slowly marched along.

But Walter, who missed no opportunity of diverting himself at his master's expence, had dispatched a running footman to Vezhall, to acquaint Sir Patrick Puff, that at a certain hour a great number of fine ladies were to pass near his gate. Transported at this intelligence, the knight arrayed himself in his riding attire; and, mounting his mare, with his negroes attending, he waited in a grove the critical moment for sallying. Almost at the same instant, he descried Squire Hobby's train, and the coaches

coaches of Woodville's company, advancing from different quarters.—Forth he pranced to the found of his horns; which no ſooner reached the ears of certain old hunters among Walter's cavalry, than a total confuſion of the troop enſued. The ranks were no more;—boots and no boots plunged about in motley diſorder;—Lady Louiſa hardly kept her ſaddle for laughter;—while Walter, with the moſt riſible face of affected diſtreſs, craſhed his whip, and cried to order. Adam Hobby, in a rage ſet ſpurs to his horſe, and ruſhing forward, with the but-end of his whip ſoon ſilenced the fable performers, bitterly curſing their

maſter for an idle ſilly jackanapes. He would probably have extended his correction to Sir Patrick himſelf, had not the knight wiſely deprived him of an opportunity, by retreating at full ſpeed, to complain to his mama of this grievous aſſault ſuſtained on the king's highway.

In the mean time Woodville's company came up, and ſaluted Lady Louiſa and her eſcort. Mr Hobby had intended to have delivered her with an elegant ſpeech; but the diſorder in his train, and his wrath thereat, had driven it from his memory. Another circumſtance which

tended to produce that effect, was the firſt glimpſe he got of the Colonel's arms on the phaeton; which, to his no ſmall aſtoniſhment, he perceived to be exactly the ſame with Woodville's. He had juſt time to communicate this diſcovery in a whiſper to Lady Louiſa, as he led her to Sir James Violet's coach. Then remounting his ſteed, he gave her his bleſſing, and, plunging among the thickeſt of his train, diſappeared.

The hint of the arms brought on a diſcourſe with Lady Violet, which diſcovered the relation in which the Colonel was about to ſtand towards La-

dy Louisa. It moved her considerably, for she saw that Woodville was practising a kind deception on her, by concealing so material a change in his fortune. But, reflecting that this was the very part she herself was playing, she saw there was no pretence for blaming it.—With the first decent opportunity, however, she assaulted the colonel vehemently for his capricious and cruel behaviour to his son. He affected to feel deep remorse;—said he could offer no excuse;—and retorted the words she had formerly used to him.—*Every one must have their frolic, Lady Louisa; this was mine.*

Con-

Concerning the wedding, and the wedding night, I will not say one word. Those subjects are as trite and threadbare as my coat. * * * * * I have a present here for my dear daughter, said the Colonel, next morning, when the company had assembled to breakfast; this note, Lady Louisa, was obtained solely on your account, that by it I might have the power (pardon me) of trying your faith and constancy: It therefore now belongs to none but you, and use it against your brother as you please.—You shall see, said Lady Louisa, how I will use it.—She then wrote this following card.

Lady

Lady Louisa Woodville presents compliments to Lord Fanfare;—sends him the inclosed draught as a present; will be glad to see his Lordship and Lady Fanfare,—if people of their quality can think of visiting a farmer's wife.

This note, with universal approbation, was dispatched to Fanfare-house, where all was now tumult and confusion. The noble couple of that mansion, with that consummate effrontery which dissolute people of rank think themselves intitled to use, notwithstanding they knew that the adven-

adventure of the maſking devils and Lady Fanfare's abandoned conduct were notorious, had appeared in public, and attempted to viſit in the neighbourhood; but laughter, deriſion, and contempt, ſaluted them every where. All the happineſs of Woodville and his charming bride, too, with many aggravating circumſtances, had reached their ears. They at length ſunk under the accumulated load of vexations; and were now buſily preparing for a journey to France, for the benefit of their health.

You

You ſee, my children, ſaid the Colonel, when this intelligence was brought to the Farm, you ſee the conſequences of indulging irregular paſſion, and of acting by no fixed purpoſes in life.—We have no ſupport againſt diſappointments;—we cannot even enjoy the good things in our power;—the proſperities of our neighbours diſtreſs us;—and we become, at one time or other, ridiculous to the world, and burdenſome to ourſelves. If, therefore, it be of any advantage to enjoy with a quiet mind the bleſſings of life,—to be prepared againſt its calamities,—to ſtand beyond the reach

reach of Fortune, and to deserve the favour of heaven,——it must be of some advantage to live inflexible in its virtue.

FINIS.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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VELINA:

A

POETICAL FRAGMENT.

Sæpe manus demens, ſtudiis irata malignis,
Miſit in arſuros carmina noſtra focos.
Atque ita de multis, quoniam non multa ſuperſunt,
Cum venia facito, quiſquis es, iſta legas. OVID.

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MARIA;

OR, THE

GENEROUS RUSTIC.

O may we never love as theſe have lov'd!

POPE.

MARIA;

OR, THE

GENEROUS RUSTIC.